

OTHELLO, 1655

17. SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. The Tragedy of Othello, The Moore of Venice. As it hath beene divers times Acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. The fourth Edition.

Quarto, green levant, entirely uncut, by De Coverley. London, Printed for William Leake, 1655. \$2250.00

The Third Edition, although called on the title "the fourth edition," equally as rare as either the first or second editions. *Superb condition, entirely uncut*, one of the few Shakespeare quartos known in this magnificent condition.

Presentation copy from F. A. Marshall to Sir Henry Irving with autograph inscription "To Henry Irving as a slight token of friendship and in memory of Feby. 14th, 1876, from F. A. Marshall. July 26, 1879." From the F. A. Marshall-Henry Irving-Marsden J. Perry Collections with all bookplates.

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first printed
1st Quarto . 1622.

reedit in folio Edⁿ 1623

2^d Quarto 1630.

3^d Quarto 1655.

This Play was never printed in
the life time of Shakespeare.

THE Tragoedy of Othello, The MOORE of VENICE

*As it hath beene divers times Acted at the
Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by
his Majesties SERVANTS.*

Written by William Shakespeare.

The fourth Edition.



L O N D O N,
Printed for William Leak at the Crown in Fleet-
street, between the two Temple Gates, 1655.

THE Tragedy of Othello

A Tragedy of Venice

As it was acted at the Swan Theatre in London
Under the Patronage of His Highness the Duke of Buckingham
By the Swan Players

By William Shakespeare

THE FIRST PART



Printed for W. B. Smith, at the
University Press, Cambridge



*The Tragedy of OTHELLO the Moore
of Venice.*

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Rod. **T**Ust; Never tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this,

Iag. But you's not heare me,

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate,

Iag. Despise me if I do not: three great ones of the City

In personall suit to make me his Lieutenant,

Off capt to him, and by the faith of man,

I know my price, I am worth no worse a place,

But he as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades them, with a bumbast circumstance,

Horribly stuff with Epithites of warre:

Non-suits my Mediators: for certes, (saies he)

I have already chose my Officer, and what was he?

Forsooth, a great Arithmetitian,

One *Michael Cassie*, a Florenine,

A fellow almost danibd in a fair wife,

That never set a Squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a Battell knows,

More then a Spinster, unlesse the blockish Theorique,

Wherein the tongued Consuls can propose

As masterly as he: meere prattle without practise,

Is all his Souldier-ship: but he sir had the election,

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the prooffe,

At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,

Christ'n'd and Heathen, must be be-leed and ca'n'd,

By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caster:

The Tragedy of Othello

He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I Sir (bless the mark) his Moorships Ancient.

Rod. By heaven I rather would have been his hangman.

Iag. But there's no remedy,

Tis the curie of service,

Prefe'ment goes by letter and affection,

Not by the old gradation, where each second

Stood heire to the first;

Now sir be judge your selfe,

Whether I, in any just tearm am affin'd
to love the Moore?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iag. O sir, content you.

I follow him to serve my turne upon him,

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly followed, you shall marke

Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave,

That (doting on his own obsequious bondage)

Weares out his time much like his masters Asse,

For nought but provender, and hee's old cashierd,

Whip me such honest knaves:

Others there are,

Who trimm'd in formes and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts, attending on themselves,

And throwing but shewes of service on their Lords;

Doe well thrive by 'em,

And when they have lin'd their coates,

Doe themselves homage,

Those fellows have some soule,

And such a one do I professe my selfe,---for sir

It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,

Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:

In following him, I follow but my selfe:

Heaven is my judge, not I,

For love and duty, but seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act, and figure of my heart,

In complement externe, 'tis not long after,

But

the Moore of Venice.

3

Put I will weare my heart upon my sleeve,
For Dawes to pecke at,
I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?

Iag. Call up her father,
Rowle him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the street, incense her Kinsmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with fyes: tho that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her fathers housr, ile call aloud.

Iag. Do with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho.

Iag. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeves, theeves, theeves:
Look to your house, your Daughter, and your bags,
Theeves, theeves.

Brabantio at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iag. Are your doors lockt?

Bra. Why wherefore aske you this?

Iag. Sir you are robb'd, for shame put on your gown,
Your heart is burst, you have lost halfe you soul,
Even now, very now, an old black Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the bell,
Or else the Devill will make a Grandfire of you, arise I sad,

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend Seignior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I, what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

A 3

Bra.

The Tragedy of Othello

Bra. The worse welcome,
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors,
In honest plainnesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnesse,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?

Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good sir.

Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iag. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the
Devill bid you, Because we come to do you service, you thinke
we are *Russians*, youle have your daughter covered with a *Barbary*
horse, youle have your Nephews neigh to you; youle have *Cour-*
sers for *Cousens*, and *Gennets* for *Germans*.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the
Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs,

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing: but I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od even, and dull watch oth' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard.
But with a knave of common hire, a *Gundelieser*,
To the grosse claspes of a lascivious Moore:
If this be known to you and to your allowance,
Wee then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee have your wrong rebuke: Do not beleeve

That

That from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your daughter (if you have not given her leave,
I say again) hath made a grosse revolt,
Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling Stranger,
Ot here, and every where : Straight satisfie you selfe;
If she be in her chamber, or your heule,
Let loose on me the Justice of the state,
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho :
Give me a taper, call up all my people :
This accident is nor unlike my dreame,
Beleeve of it oppresses me already :
Light I say, light.

Iag. Farewell, for I must leave you,
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall,)
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
(How ever this my gaule him with some checke)
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbark'd,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres wars,
(Which even now stands in act) that for their souls,
Another of his fathome, they have none
To lead their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I do hate him, as I do hells pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign, that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

*Enter Brabantio in his night gowne, and servants
with Tarches.*

Bra. It is too true an evill, gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
I nought but blisurnesse now *Roderigo,*

Where

The Tragedy of Othello

Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
 With the Moore sailst thou? who would be a father?
 How didst thou know 'twas she? (O she deceives me
 Past thought,) what said she to you? get more tapers,
 Raise all my kindred, are they married think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. O heaven, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
 Fathers from hence, trust not your daughters minds,
 By what you see them act: is there not charmes,
 By which the property of youth and manhood
 May be abus'd? have you not read *Roderigo*,
 Of some such things?

Rod. Yes sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brother: O would you had had her,
 Some one way, some another; do you know
 Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
 To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on, at every house ile call,
 I may command at most: get weapons ho,
 And raise some speciall Officers of might:
 On good *Roderigo*, ile deserve your paines.

Exunt.

Enter Othello, Jago, and attendants with Torches.

Jag. Tho in the trade of warre, I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it very stiffe o'th conscience,
 To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
 Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times,
 I had thought to have jerk'd him here,
 Under the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is.

Jag. Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your Honour, that with the little goodnesse I have,
 I did full hard forbear him: but I pray sir,
 Are you fast married? For be sure of this,
 That the Magnifico is much beloved,
 And hath in his effect, a voice potentiall,

As

The Moore of Venice.

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As double as the Duke, he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint, and greevances,
The law (with all his might, to inforce it on,)
Weele give him cable.

Oth. Let him doe his spite,
My service which I have done the Seigniorie,
Shall out-tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall hight, and my demerits,
May speak unbosnetted as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not, my vnhoued free condition,
Put into circumscription and confine
For the seas worth, *Enter Cassio with lights, Officers,*
Put looke what lights come yonder? *and torches.*

Iag. These are the raised Father and his friends,
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,
Shall mainefest my right by: is it they?

Iag. By *Ianus* I think no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the night upon you (friends,)
What is the newes?

Cas. The Duke does greet you (Generall,)
And he requires your halt, post-halt appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What's the matter thinke you?

Cas. Something form *Cipres*, as I may divine,
It is a businesse of some heate, the Galleyes,
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night one at anothers heels:
And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already: you have bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent above three severall quests.

B

To

To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you,
I will but spend a word here in the house, and goe with you

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Ia Faith he to night, hath boarded a land Carriack,
If it prove lawfull prize, hee's made for ever,

Cas. I doe not understand.

Ia Hee's married.

Cas. To whom?

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights
and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to--- Come Captaine, will you goe?

Oth. Ha' with you

Cas. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be advised,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Down with him thiefe.

Iag. You *Roderigo*, come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe up your bright swords, for the dew will rust em,
Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou soule thiefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter
Dambd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in chaines of magick were not bound)
Whether a maid so tender, faire, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shund
The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,
Would ever have (to incurre a generall mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome
Of such a thing as thou? to fear, not to delight :
Iudge me the world, if 'tis no grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with soule charmes.
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weakens motion : Ile have't disputed on ;

Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist,
Subdue him at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer,

Oth. What if I do obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present businesse of the State,
To beare me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but seele this wrong as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may have passage free,
Bondslaves, and Pagans shal our Statesmen be. *Exeunt*

*Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with lights
and Attendants.*

Duke. There is no composition in his newes,
That gives them credic.

1 *Sena.* Indeed they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies,

Du. And mine an hundred and forty.

2 *Sena.* And mine two hundred:

But though they jump: not on a just account,
 (As in these cases, where they ay me reports,
 'Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
 A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
 I doe not so secure me to the error,
 But the mayne Article I doe approve
 In fearfull sense

Enter a Messenger:

One within, What ho, what ho, what ho?

Officer. A messenger from the Gallies,

Du. Now, the buinelle?

Sailor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
 So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior *Angelo*.

Du. How say you by this change?

Seno. This cannot be by no assay of reason---
 'Tis a Pagant,

To keepe us in false gaze: when we consider

The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turke*:

And let our selves againe, but understand,

That as it more concerns the *Turke*, then *Rhodes*,

So may he with more facile question beare it,

For that it stands not in such waile like brace,

Who altogether lacks the abilities

That *Rhodes* is drest in: if we make thought of this,

We must not thinke the *Turke* is so unskillfull,

To leave that latest which concerns him first;

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gaine,

To wake and wage a danger profitlesse.

Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for *Rhodes*.

Officer. Here is more newes.

Enter a 2 Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, reverend and graciour,
 Steering with due course, toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
 Have there injoynted them with an after fleet,

1 Sena. I, so I thought, how many, as you guessed.

Mes. Of 30. saile, and now they doeretherne
 Their backward course, bearing with franke appearance
 Their purposes towards *Cyprus*: Seignior *Montano*,
 Your trusty and most valiant servitor,

With

With his free duty recomends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeeve him.

Du. Tis certaine then for *Cypres*,
Marcus Luccicos is not he in towne?

1 Sena. Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from us to him post, post hast dispatch.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello: Roderigo, Iago, Cassio,
Deldemona, and Officers.*

1 Sena. Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we must strait imploy you,
Against the generall enemy *Ottoman*;
I did not see you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lackt your counsell, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of bulinesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care
Take hold of me, for my particular grief,
Is of so floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it englutns and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still it self.

Du. Why whats the matter?

Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.

All. Dead?

Bra. I to me:

She is abus'd, stolne from me and corrupted,
By spels and medicions, bought of Mountebanckes,
For nature so preposterously to erre,
(Being deficient, blind or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her self,
And you of her, the bloody book of Law,
You shall your self, read in the bitter letter,
After its own sense, yea tho our proper sonne
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace;

B 3

Here

Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the state affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend Seigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good Masters:
That I have tane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I have married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seven yeares pith,
Till now some nine moones wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to feates of broyles, and battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking of my selfe; yet by your gracious patience,
I would a round unravish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love, what drugs, what charmes,
What conjuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his Daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blusht at her selfe and she in spight of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to looke on?
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confesse, perfection so would erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her,

Du.

The Moore of Venice.

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Du. To vouch this is no prooffe,
Without more certaine and more over test,
These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderate seemi'g, you preferre against him.

Sena. But *Othello* speake,
Did you by indirect and forced courtes,
Subdue and poison this young maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question,
As soule to soule affordeth?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you doe find me foule in her report,
The trust, the Office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Du. Fetch *Disdemona* hither. *Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place;
And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I doe confesse the vices of my bloud,
So justly to your grave cares lie present,
How I did thrive in this faire Ladyes love,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello*.

Oth. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the storyes of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I have past:
I ran it through, even to my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of mooving accidents, by flood and field;
Of haire-breadth escapes ith' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portence in my travells history;
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven,

It

It was my h'nt, to speake, such was my proceſſe :
 And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate ;
 The *Ambroſophagi*, and men whose heads
 Doe grow beneath their ſhoulders: theſe to heare,
 Would *Deſdemona* ſeriously incline ;
 But ſtill the houſe affaires would draw her thence,
 Which ever as ſhe could with haſt diſpatch,
 Shee'd come againe, and with agreeed eare
 Devour up my diſcourſe ; which I obſerving,
 Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
 To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcells ſhe had ſomething heard,
 But not intently, I did conſent,
 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſull ſtroake
 That my youth ſuffered : my ſtory being done ;
 She gave me for my paines a world of ſighes ;
 She ſwore I ſaith twas ſtrange, twas paſſing ſtrange ;
 Twas pittifull, twas wonderous pittifull ;
 She wiſht ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſht
 That heaven had made her ſuch a man : ſhe thanked me,
 And bad me if I hat a friend that loued her,
 I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
 And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I ſpake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had paſt.
 And I lov'd her that ſhe did pittie them.
 This onely is the witchcraft I have us'd :
 Here comes the Lady,
 Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, and the reſt.

Du. I think this tale would win my daughter to :--
 Good *Barbanti*, take up this mangled matter at the beſt,
 Men doe their broken weapons rather uſe,
 Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake,
 If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,

De-

Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse :
Doe you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I doe perceive here a devided duty :
To you I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education both doe learne me :
How to respect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, But here's my husband :
And so much duty as my mother shewed
To you preferring you before her father,
So much must I challenge, that I may professe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God buy, I ha done :
Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires,
I had rather to adopt a child then get it ;
Come hither Moore :
I here doe give thee that, withall my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee : for your sake (I well,)
I am glad at soule, I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I have done my Lord.

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence.
Which as a greeke or step may helpe these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
's the next way to draw more mischiefe on :
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mocker makes,
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from a thiefe,
He robs him selfe, that spends a bootelesse grieve.

Era. So let the *Turke*, of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile ;
He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,

But the free comfort, which from thence he hears :
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That to pay griefe, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocall :
 But words are words, I never yet did heare,
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare.
 Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turk* with most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus*:
Othello the fortitude of the place, is best known to you, & tho we
 have here a Substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a
 soveraign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voyce on you ;
 you must therefore be content to slubber the glosse of your new
 fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custome, most grave Senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel Cooch of warre,
 My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize
 A naturall and prompt alacrity.
 I find in hardnesse, and do undertake
 This present war, against the *Ottomites* ;
 Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort,
 As levels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.

Eva. He not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,
 By being in his eye : most gracious Duke,
 To my unfolding lend a gracious eare,
 And let me find a charter in your voyce,
 T'assist my simplenrse.---

Du. What would you *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moore to live with him,
 My down right violence and storme of Fortunes,
 May trumpet to the world : my hearts subdued,

Even to the very quality of my Lord :
 I saw *Othelloe's* village in his minde,
 And to his honours, and his valiant parts
 Did I my soule and fortunes consecrate.
 So that my dear Lords, if I be left behind,
 B Moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites for which I love him, are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support,
 By his dear absence ; let me go with him.

Oth. Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will
 Have a free way :

Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it not
 To please the palat of my appetite,
 Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
 In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
 And heaven defend your good souls that you think
 I will your serious and good businesse scant,
 For she is with me ;---no, when light wing'd toyes,
 And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,
 My speculative and active instruments,
 That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,
 Let huswives make a skellet of my Helme,
 And all indigne and base adversities,
 Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going, the affair cryes halt,
 And speed must answer, you must hence to night.

Des. To night my Lord?

Du. This night. *Oth.* With all my heart.

Du. At nine i'th morning here wee'l meet again:
Othello, leave some Officer behind,
 And he shall our Commission bring to you,
 With such things else of quality and respect,
 As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
 A man he is of honesty and trust,
 To his conveyance I assigne my wife,

With what else needfull your Grace shall thinke,
To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so:

Good night to every one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

I Sena. Adieu brave Moore, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her Moore, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiv'd her father and may thee.

Exeunt.

Oth. My life upon her faith Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee,

I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage;
Come *Desdemona*, I have but an houre
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago,

Exit Moore and Desdemona.

Iag. What saist thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkst thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe,

Rod. I will intontinently drowne my selfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall never love thee after it,
Why thou silly Gentleman,

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment, and then we
Have a prescription, to dye when death is our Physician.

Iag. O villanous, I ha looked upon the world for four times seven
yeares, and since I could distinguish between a benefit, and an
Injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himselfe: ere I
Would say I would drowne my selfe, for the love a Ginny Hen, I
Would change my humanity with a Babuone.

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond,
But it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue, ah, tis in our selves, that wee are thus, or thus,
our bodies are gardens, to the which our wils are gardeners, so that
If we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Isop, and weed up Time
supply it with one gender of hearbs, or distract it with many; ei-
ther to have it strill with idleness, or manur'd with industry, why
the power, and corigible authority of this, lies in our wils. If the

Bal-

Ballence of our lives had not one scale of reason, to poise another of sensuality; the blood and baseness of our natures, would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But wee have reason to coole our raging motions, our carnall stings, our unbitted luls; whereof I take this, that you call love to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is merely a lust of blood, and a primum of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe? drowne Cats and blind Puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better steed thee then now. Put mony in thy purse, follow these warres, defeat thy favour with an usurp'd heart; I say put mony in thy purse. It cannot be, the *Disdemona* should long continue her love unto the Moore,-- put mony in thy purse,-- nor be his to her, it was a violent commencement, & thou shalt see an answerable sequesteration: put but mony in thy purse,--- these Moores are changeable in their wils:--- fill thy purse with mony. The food that to him now is as luscious as a Locust, shall be to him shortly as bitter as *Coloquintida*: She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, shee will find the error of her choyce; shee must have change, shee must. Therefore put mony in thy purse: If thou wilt needs damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the mony thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, & a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, & all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make mony,-- a pox a drowning, tis clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, then to be drown'd and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Ia. Thou art sure of me--- goe, make mony--- I have told thee often and I tell thee again, and again, I hate the Moore, my cause is hearted, thine has no less reason; let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a pleasure and me a sport. There are many events in the wombe of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go provide thy mony, we will have more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th morning?

Ia. At my lodging.

The Tragedy of Othello

Red. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell :---do you heare *Roderigo*?

Red. What say you?

Iag. No more of drowning, do you heare?

Rod. I am chang'd, Ile go sell all my Land,

Exit Roderigo.

Iag. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I should time expend with such a snipe
But my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheets
Ha's done my office; I know not, it't be true---
Yet I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now
To get this place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery---how, how---let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othelloe's* care,
That he is too familiar with my wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seems to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith'nose---as Asse are:
I ha't, it is ingendr'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

Actus 2. Scæna 1.

*Enter Montanio, Governour of Cyprus, with
two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

WHat from the Cape can you discern at Sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood.
I cannot twixt the heaven and the mayne
Descry a saile.

Mon.

The Moore of Venice.

21

Mon. Me thinks the wind doth speake aloud at hand,
A fuller blast nere shooke our battlements :

If it ha ruffiand so upon the sea,
What ribs of Oake, when mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the morties,--- What shall we heare of this ?

2 Gent. A Segregation of the *Turkish* fleet :
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billowes seem to pelt the clouds,
The wind shak'd furge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemcs to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th'ever fired pole,
I never did like molestation view,
On the enchas'd flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleet
Be not instelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News Lads, your wars are done :
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their desigment halts :
A noble shippe of *Venice*,
Hath seen a grievous wracke and sufferance
On most part of the Fleet.

Mon. How, is this true ?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in :
A *Veronessa*, *Machiel Castio*,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come a shore : the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Governour.

3 Gent. But this same *Castio*, tho he speak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moore be safe, for they were parted
With foul and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be :

For I have serv'd him, and the man commande
Like a full Souldier :
Lets to the sea side, thio,

As

As well to see the vessell thats come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the Maine and th' Ayre all blue,
And indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's doe so,
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio,

Cas. Thanks to the valiaunt of this Isle,
That so approue the More, and let the heavens
Give him defence against their Elements,
For I have lost him on the Dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

Cas. His Barke is stoutly timbred, and his Pilote
Of very expert and approv'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's (not surietted to death)
Stand in bold cure.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. A saile, a saile, a saile.

Cas. What noyse?

Mes. The Towne is epm'y, one the brow o' th' sea,
Stands ranckes of people, and they cry a saile.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the government,

2 *Gent.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least.

A shot,

Cas. I pray you sir goe forth
And give us truth, who tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall.

Exit.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall arriv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath achieved a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fable;
One that excells the quirkes of blaspheming poets;
And in the essentiall vertue of creation,
Does beare an excellency: --- now, who has put in?

Enter 2 Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall,
He has had most favourable and happy speed,
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttered rockes, and congregated sands,
Traitors entteep'd, to clog the guiltlesse Keels,

As

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Caf. She that I spake of, our Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A fennights speed---great *Iove Orbello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shipe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, and Roderigo.

Give renew'd fire,
To our extincted spirits:
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort,--- O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Caf. He is not yet arived, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O but I feare: --- how lost you company?

[*within.*] A saile, a saile.

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, a saile.

2 Gent. They give their geerting to the Citadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Caf. See for the newes:

Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,

That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,

That gives me this bold shew of curtesie.

Iag. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she has bestowed on me,

D

You'd

You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iag. In faith too much:

I find it still, for when I ha leave to sleepe,
Mary, before your Ladieship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in heart,
And chides with thinking.

Em. You have little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores.
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchens:
Saints in your injuries: Divells being offended:
Players in your housewitary; and housewives in your beds.

Des. One upon thee slanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke,

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

Iag. O gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not criticall.

Des. Come on, assay-- there's one gone to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

Des. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it, but my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdli ne does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors,
And thus she is delivered:

*If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit;
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well praised: how if she be black and witty?

Iag. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
Shee'l find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.*

Des. Worse and worse,

Em. How if faire and foolish?

Iag. *She never yet was foolish, that was faire,*

For even her folly helpt her to an Heire.

Des. These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'th Alchouse
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?

Iag. *There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.*

Des. O heavy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but what
praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one,
that in the authority of her merits, did justly put on the vouch of
very malice it selfe?

Iag. *She that was ever faire, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never lowd,
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisdom, never was so fraile,
To charge the Codshead for the Salmons tails:
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
See Suters following, and not look behind:
She was a wight (if ever such wight were)*

Des. To doe what?

Iag. *To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.*

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:

Doe not lerne of him *Emilia*, tho he be thy husband:
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberal
Counsellour?

Cas. He speaks home Madam, you may relish him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler-

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well fed, whisper; with as
little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a Flie as *Cassio*. I, smile
upon her, doe: I will catch you in your own courtship: you say
true, tis so indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your Leu-
tenantry, it had been better you had not rist your three fingers so
oft, which now againe, you are most apt to play the sir in: very
goed, well kist, and excellent courtesie; tis indeed: yet again your
fingers at your lips? would they were Clisterpipes for your sake.
The Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Trumpet within.

Enter

Enter Othello, and Attendants,

Cas. Tis truly so.

Des. Lets meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Loe, where he comes.

Oth. O my faire Warriour.

Des. My dear *Othello*.

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me : O my soules joy,
If after every tempest, came such calmenesse,
May the winds blow, till they have wakned death ;
And let the labouring Barke clime hilles of seas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's for heaven; It it were now to dye,
T'were now to be most happy, for I feare
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our daies doe grow.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers :
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here, it is too much of joy :
And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *kisse.*
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iag. O, you are well run'd now,
But Ile set down the pegs, that makes this musique
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, lees to the Castle :
Newes friends, our warrs are done the *Turks* are drown'd ;
How doas my old acquaintance of this Isle ?
Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus* ;
I have found great love amongst them : O my sweet :
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
In mine owne comforts : I prethee good *Iago*,
Goe to the Bay, and dismbarke my Coffers ;
Bring thou the Master to the Citadell :
He is a good one, and his worthinesse,

Does

Does challenge much respect : come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

Exeunt.

Iag. Doe thou meet me presently at the Harbour : come hither
If thou beest valiant, (as they say, base men being in love, have then
a Nobility in their natures, more then is native to them,)-- list me
the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard; first I will
tell thee this, *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him ? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed : marke
me, with what violence the first lov'd the Moore but for bragging
and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for pra-
ring; let not the discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed, and
what delight shall she have to look on the Divell? When the blood
is made dull with the act of sport, ther should be a game to inflame
it, and give satity a fresh appetite. Lovelynes, in favour, sympathy
in yeares, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moore is defective
in : now for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate ten-
derness will find it self abus'd, beginne to heave the gorge, disrelish
and arbhore the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, & com-
pelle her to some second choyce Now sir, this granted, as it is most
pregnant & unforced position, who stands so eminently in the de-
gree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluable, no sarder
conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of civill and hu-
mane seeming, for the better compasing of his salt & most hidden
loose affections : A subtile slippery knave, a finder out of occasions;
that has an eye, can stampe and counterfeit advantages, tho true
advantage never present it selfe. Besides, the knave is handsome,
yong, & hath all those requilites in him that folly & green mindes
looke after; a pestilent compleat knave, and the woman has found
him already.

Rod. I cannot beleieve that in her, she's full of most blest con-
ditions.

Iag. Blest fgs end : the wine she driukes is made of grapes : if
she had been blest, she would never have lov'd the Moore. Didst
thou not se her paddle with the palme of his hand? ded't not mark
that ?

Rod. Yes, but that was but curtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and obscure prologue to

the history, of lust & soule thoughts : they met so neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together, villanous thoughts, when these mutualities so marshall the way: hand at hand comes *Roderigo*, the master & the main exercise, the incorrupt conclusion. But sir, be you rul'd by me, I have brought you from *Venice*; watch you to night, for command Ile lay't upon you, *Cassio* knowes you not, Ile not be farre from you, doe you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please; which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is rash, and very suddaine in choler, & hoply with his Trunchen may strik at you: provok him that he may, for even out of that, will I cause these of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whose qualification shal come into no true tast again't, but by the displaying of *Cassio*: So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I shal then have to pre'er them, & the impediment, most profitable removed, without which ther were no expectation of our prosperity

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadell; I must fetch his necessities a shore.--Farewell.

Rod. Aduē.

Iag. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well beleve it;
That the loves him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore how be't, that I indure him not,
Is of a constant noble, louing nature,
And I dare think, hee'le prove to *Desdemona*,
A most dear husband, now I do love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (tho perapventure,
I stand accomptant for as great a sin,)
But partly lead to diet my revenge,
For that I doe suspect the lustfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my seat, the thought whereof:
Doth like a poisonous minerall gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, nor shall content my soule,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least, into a ieaalousie so strong,

That

That judgement can not cure; which thing to doe,
 If this poore trash of *Venice*, whom I trace,
 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
 Ile have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
 (For I feare *Cassio*, with my night cap to)
 Make the Moore thanke me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an asse,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madnesse: ---tis here, but yet confus'd;
 Knaveries plaine face is never seene, till us'd.

Exit.

Enter Othello's Herald, reading a Proclamation.

It is *Orbello's* pleasure, our noble & valiant Generall, that upon
 certain tidings now arrived, importing the meer perdition of the
Turkish Fleet; that every man put himself into triumph; some to
 dance, some make bonfires; each man to what sport and revels
 his addiotion leads him; for besides these beneficiall newes, it is the
 celebration of his Nuptialls: So much was his pleasure should be
 proclaimed. All Offices are open, & there is full liberty from this
 present houre of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bleesse
 the Isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble Generall *Orbello*.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Orh. Good *Michael* look you to the guard to night;
 Lets teach our selves that honorable stoppe,
 Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to doe:
 But notwithstanding, with my personall eye
 Will I look to it.

Orh. *Iago* is most honest:
Michael good night, to morrow with your earliest,
 Let me have speech with you, come my deare love,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
 That profits yet to come twixt me and you,
 Good night.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Enter

*Enter Iago.**Caf.* Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.*Iag.* Not this houre Lievtenant, tis not yet ten a'clock: our Generall cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*, who let us not theretore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for *love*.*Caf.* She is a most exquisite Lady.*Iag.* And Ile warrant her full of game.*Caf.* Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate creature.*Iag.* What an eye she has?

Me thinks it sounds a parly of provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye, and yet me thinks right modest.*Iag.* And when she speaks, tis an alarme to love.*Caf.* She is indeed perfection.*Iag.* Well, happinesse to thir sheetes--- come Lieutenant, I have a stope of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would faine have a measure to the health of the black *Othello*.*Caf.* Not to night, good *Iago*, I have very poor and unhappy braines for drinking: I could wel wish countreie would invent some other custome of entertainment.*Iag.* O they are our friends,--but one cup: Ile drink for you*Caf.* I ha drunk but one cup to night, & that was crattily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weaknesse with any more.*Iag.* What man, tis a night of Revells, the Gallants desire it.*Caf.* Where are they?*Iag.* Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.*Caf.* Ile do't, but it dislikes me.*Exit.**Iag.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'l be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young mistress dog:-- Now my sicke foole *Rodrigo*,
(Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward)
To *Desdemona*, hath to night carouss
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch:
Three Lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits.

(That

(that hold their honour, in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this warlike Isle,)
Have I to night flustred with flowing cups,
And the watch too : now amongst this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our *Cassio* in some action,
That may offend the Isle ; *Enter Montanio, Cassio,*
But here they come : *and others.*

If consequence do but approve my dreame,
My boate sailes freely, both with wind and streame.

Cas. Fore God they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,
As I am a Souldier.

Iag. Some wine hoe :

*And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
A Souldier's a man, a life's but a span,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.---*Some wine boyes.

Cas. Fore heaven an excellent song.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where inderd they are most potent
in pottings: your *Dane*, your *Germane*, & your swag-bellied *Hollan-*
der, (drinke ho,) are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *English* man so exquisite in his drinking ?

Iag. Why he drinckes you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke:
he sweats not to overthrow your *Almaine*; he gives your *Hollan-*
der a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Cas. To the health of our generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant, and I will doe you justice.

Iag. O sweet *England*,---

*King Stephen was and a worthy Peere,
His breaches cost him but a crowne,
He held'em sixpence all to deere,
With that he calld the Taylor towne,
He was a right of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
Tis pride that puls the Countrey downe
Then take thine auld cloke about thee.---*Some wine ho.

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen ?

E

Cas.

The Tragedy fo Othello

Cas. No, for I hold him unworthy of his place, that does those things well, Heaven's aboue all, and there be soules that must be saved.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saved.

Iag. And so do I Leiutenant.

Cas. I, but by your leave, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Lets ha no more of this, lets to our affaires; forgive us our sins; Gentlemen, lets look to our businesse; do not think Gentlemen I am drunk, this is my ancient, this is my right hand, & this my left hand; I am not drunk now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not think then, that I am drunke.

Exit.

Mon. To the pletforme masters. Come, let's set the watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to stand by *Cas*,
And give direction: and doe doe but see his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pittty of him,
I feare the trust *Othello* put him in,
On some odde time of his infirmity,
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis evermore the prologue to his sleepe:
Hee'le watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rocke not his cradle.

Mon. T'were well the Generall were put in mind of it,
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Praises the vertue that appears in *Cassio*,
And lookes not on his evils: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*,

Enter Roderigo.

I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe,

Exit Rod.

Mon. And tis great pittty that the noble Moore
Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:

It were an honest action to say so to the More.

Jag. Not I, for this faire Island:
I do love *Cassio* well, and would doe much, *Help, help, within*
To cure him of this evill: but harke what noyse.

Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue, you rascall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A knave, teach me my duty: but Ile beat the knave into a
wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me?

Cas. Dost thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good Lieutenant; pray sir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe sir, or Ile knock you on the mazzard

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Cas. drunke? *they fight.*

Jag. Away I say, goe out, and cry a muteny. *Exit Rod.*
Nay good Lieutenant: God's-will Gentlemen,
Helpe ho, Lieutenant: Sir, *Montanio*, sir,
Help master, heer's a goodly watch indeed:
Who's that that rings the bell? Diabolo----ho,
The Towne will rise, fie, fie, Lieutenant, hold,
You will be sham'd for ever.

Abell rings

Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. what's the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death.

he faints.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Jag. Holp, hold Lieutenant, sir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Have you forgot all place of sence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame.

Oth. Why how now he, from whence arises this?
Are we turnd *Turkes*: and to our selves doe hat,
Which Heaven has forbid the *Ottomites*:
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle?
He that sits next, to cause for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion:

Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the life
 From her propriety : what's the matter masters ?
 Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieving,
 Speake, who began this, on thy love I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
 In quarter, and in termes, like bride and grooms,
 Devesting them to bed, and but now,
 (As if some Planet had unwitting men,)
 Swords out, and tilting one at others brest.
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
 Any beginning to this, peevish odds;
 And would in action glorious, I had lost
 Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
 The gravity and stilnesse of your youth,
 The world hath noted, and your name is great,
 In mouthes of wisest censure: whats, the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night brawler? give me answer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
 Your officer *Jago* can informe you,
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me;
 Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
 By me, that's said or done amisse this night;
 Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
 And to defend our selves it be a sinne,
 When violence assailes vs.

Oth. Now by heaven
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
 And passion having my best indgment coold,
 Assayes to leade the way : If once I stirre,
 Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
 Shall sinke in my rebuke : give me to know
 How this foule rout began, who set it on,
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,

Tho

Tho he had twinn' with me, both at a birth,
Should loose me ; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-ful of feare,
To mannage private and domestike quarrells,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous. *Jago*, who degan ?

Mon. If partiality affin'd, or leegue in office
Thou dost dleiver more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no souldier.

Jag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out of his mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I perwade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall :

Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him : Sir this Gentleman
Steps into *Cassio*, and intreates his pause ;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright : he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose : and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords :
And *Cassio* high in oath, which till to night,
I ne're might say before : when I came backe,
For this was brieft, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as agen they were,
Whn you your selfe did part them.

More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget :
Tho *Cassio* did some little woong to him,
As men in rage strike them that with them best :
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeeve receiv'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I love thee

But never more be Officer of mine.

Looke if my gentle love be not rais'd vp:

Enter Desdemona, with others.

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. Aall's well now sweeting:

Com away to bed: sir, for your hurts,

My selfe will be your surgeon (lead him off;

Jago, looke with care about the Towne,

And silence those, whom this vile braule distracted.

Com *Desdemona*, tis the Souldiers life,

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,

Jag. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants.

Cas. I, past all surgery.

Jag. Mary heaven forbid.

Cas. Reputation, reputation, oh I ha lost my reputation:

I ha lost the immortall part sir of my false,

And what remainrs is bestiall, my reputation,

Jag. my reputation.

Jag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had recei'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you reput your self such a loser; what man, ther are wayes to recover the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode a punishment more in police, then in malice, even so as one would beate his offencelesse dogge, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue, to be despis'd, then to deceive so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreet an Officer, Drunke? and speake Parrat? and squabble, swagger, sweare? and discourse fustion with ones owne shaddow O thou ivnisidle spirit of wine; thou hast no name to be konwen by, let ws call thee Di-

Jag. What was he that you followed with your sword: (vell. What had hedone to you?

Cas. I know not.

Jag.

Iag. Ist possible ?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly, a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouthes, to steale away their braines; that wee should with joy, revell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selves into beasts.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devill drunkenness, to give place to the devill wrath; one unperfectnesse shewes, me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe,

Iag. Come, you are too severe a moraler; as the time, the place, the condition of this Country stands, I could heartily wish, this had not befallne, but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will aske him for my place again, he shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all; to be now a sensible man by and by a foule & presently a beast: every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredience is a divell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaime no more against it: & good Leutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it sir, -- I drunke?

Iag. You, or any man living may be drunk at some time man: He tell you what you shall doe, -- our Generals wife is now the Generall; I may say so in this respect, for that he has devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark & devotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your self freely to her, importune her, shee'll help to put you in your place again: she is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more then she is requested. This broken joynt between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter, & my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger then it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iag. I protest in the siencerity of love and kindnesse.

Cas. I think it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to undertake for me; I am desperate
of

of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Jag. You are in the right:

Good night Lieutenant, I must to the watch,

Cas. Good night honest *Iago*.

Exit.

Jag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest suite she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, were't to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symboles of redeemed lin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, doe what she list;
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine,
To counsell *Cassio* to this parralllel course,
Directly to his good? divinity or hell,
When divells will their blackest inspu on,
They doe suggest at first with heavenly shewes,
As I doe now; for whilst this honest foole
Plies *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
He poure this pestilence into his eare,
That she repeales him for her bodie's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undoe her credit with the Moore;
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse, make the net
That shall enmesh them all:

Enter Roderigo.

How now *Roderigo*?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts,
but one that filles up the cry: my money is almost spent, I ha bin
to night exceedingly well cudgell'd; I think the issue will be, I shal
have so much experience for my paines, & so no money at all, and
with a little more wit returne to *Venice*.

Jag. How poore are they, that have not Patience?

What

What wound did ever heale, but by degrees ?
 Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Dos't not goe well? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast casheir'd *Cassio*,
 Tho other things grew faire against the sun,
 Yet fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe ;
 Content thy selfe a while ; by'th masse tis morning ;
 Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short :
 Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
 A way I say, thou shalt know more hereafter :
 Nay get thee gone ; Some things are to be done,
 My wife must move for *Cassio* to her miserie,
 Ile set her on.
 My selfe a while, to draw the Moore apart,
 And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* find ,
 Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way,
 Dull not devise by coldnesse and delay,

Exeunt.

Actus 3. Scœna 1.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. **M**After, play here, I will content your paines,
 Something thats brief, and bid good morrow Generall.
They play, and enter the Clowne.

Clo. Why masters, ha your Instruments bin at *Naples*, that they
 speake i'th nose thus ?

Boy. How sir, how ?

Clo. Are these I pray you, cald wind Instruments ?

Boy. I mary are they sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Where by hangs a tayle sir ?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a wind Instrument that I know. But
 masters, her's money for you, and the Generall so likes your mu-
 sique, that hee desires you for loves sake, to make no noyse with it

F

Boy.

Boy. Well fir, we will not.

Clo. if you have any musique that may not be heard, to'ra-gaine, but as they say, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such fir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for Ile away; goe vanish into aire away.

Caf. Dost thou heare my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Caf. prethee keep up thy quillits, ther's a poore peece of gold for thee; if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tel her ther's one *Cassio*, entreats her a little favour of speech --- wilt thou doe this?

Clo She is stirring fir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to not-tise unto her:

Caf. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Jago*. *Exit Cal.*

Jag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Caf. Why no the day had broke before we parted: I ha made bold *Jago* to send into your wife, --- my suite to her, is, that she will vertuous *Desdemona*, Procure me some access.

Jag. Ile send her to you presently.

And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your converse and businessse, May be more free.

Caf. I humbly thank you for't: I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

Enter Emilla.

Em. Good morrow Good-Leutenant, I am sorry For your displeasure, but all will soone be well The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And she speakes for you stoutly: the Moore replies, That he yon hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*, And great finity, and that in wholesome wisdom, He might not but refuse: but he protests he loves you, And needs no other suitor but his likings, To take the safest occasion by the front, To bring you in againe.

Caf.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall have time,
To speak your bosome freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give *Iago* to the Pilot,
And by him doe my duties to the State;
That done, I will be walking to the workes,
Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, Ile do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We waite upon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam doe, I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O that's an honest fellow:-- doe not doubt *Cassio*,
But I will have my Lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous Madam,
What ever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
Hee's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O fir, I thank you you doe love my Lord:
You have knowne him long, and be assur'd,
He shall in strangest stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cas. I but Lady,
That pollicy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it selfe, so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,

The Tragedy of Othello

My Generall will forget my love an service.

Des. Do not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I give thee warrant of my place; assure thee,
If I doe vow a friendship, I'll performe it,
To the last Article: my Lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him close, and take him out of patience;
His bed shall seeme a schoole, his boord a thrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he does,
With *Cassio's* suite; therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Nay stay, and here me speak.

Cas. Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine owne purpose.

Des. Well, doe your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iag. Ha, I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if, -- I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iag. *Cassio* my Lord? -- no sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steale away so guilty-like.

Seeing you comming.

Oth. I doe beleve twas he.

Des. How now my Lord,
I have been talking with a sailor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*, good my Lord;
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face,
I prethee call him backe.

Oth.

Orb. Went he hence now ?

Des. Yes faith, so humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
To suffer with him; good Love call him backe.

Orb. Not now sweet *Desdemona*, some other time.

Des. But shal't be shortly ?

Orb. The sooner sweet for you.

Des. Shal't be to night at supper ?

Orb. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow dinner then ?

Orb. I shall not dine at home,
I meet the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night or tuesday morne,
On tuesday morne, or night, or wedensday morne,
I prethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes : I faith hee's penitent.

And yet his trespassse, in our common reason,
(Save that they say, the warrs must make examples,
Out of her best) is not almost a fault,

To incurre a private check : when shall he come ?

Tell me *Orbello* : I wonder in my soule,
What you could aske me that I should deny ?

Or stand so mam'ring on ? What *Michael Cassio* ?

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath tane your part, to have so much to doe

To bring him in ? Trust me, I could doe much,---

Orb. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why this is not a boone,

Tis as I should intreat you weare your gloves:

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warme,

Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit

To your owne person: nay, when I have a suite,

Wherein I meane to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,

And fearefull to be granted.

Orb. I will deny thee nothing,

Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this;
To leave me but a little to my selfe.

Des. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewel my *Desdemona*, I'll come to thee straight,

Des. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,

What ere you be I am obedient *Exeunt Des. and Em.*

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
Fut I doe love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say *Iago*?

Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did from first to last:--- Why dost thou aske?

Iag. But for satisfaction of my thought,
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?

Iag. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Iag. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iag. Honest my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I honest.

Iag. My Lord for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou thinke?

Iag. Think my Lord?

Oth. Think my Lord? why dost thou ecchoe me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought,

Too hideous to be shown: Thou dost meane something:

I heard thee say but now thou lik'st not that,

When *Cassio* left my wife: what didst not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,

In my whole course of wooing thou cri'dst indeed?

And didst contract, and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy braine,

Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My Lord you know I love you.

Oth.

Oth. I thinke thou doest,
And for I know, thou art full of love and honesty,
And weighest thy words, before thou giv'st 'em breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false disloyall knave,
Are trickes of custome; but in a man that's iust,
They are close dilations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworne, I think he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so to.

Iag. Men should be what they seeme.
Or those that be not, would they might seeme,

Oth. Certain men, should be what they seeme.

Iag. Why then I think *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet ther's more in this,
I prethee speake to me, as to thy thinkings.
As thou doest ruminat, and give thy thoughts.
The worst of words.

Iag. Good my Lord pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to,
Vtter my thoughts: Why, say they are vile and false:
As wheres that pallace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some vncleanly apprehensions
Keepe leets and law-dayes and in session sit
What meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou dost conspier against thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but thinkest him wrongd, and makest his care
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my ghesse,
(As I confesse it is my natures plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my iealoulie
Shapes faults that are not:) that your wisdome yet:
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Will take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble,

Out

Out of my scattering, and unsvre obseruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou meane?

Iag. Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
Is th^e immediate Jewell of our soules:
Who stel es my purse, steales trash, tis something, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. Ile know thy thoughts,

Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha?

Iag. Obeware (my Lord) of ieaiousie;
It is a green-eyd monster, which doth mocke
The meat it feeds on. What Cuckold lives in bliss,
Who certaine of his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves.

Oth. O misery,

Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But rich finelesse, is poore as winter,
To him that ever feares he shall be poore:
Good heaven, the soules of all my tribe defend
From ieaiousie.

Oth. Why, why is this?

Thinkest thou I'de make a life of ieaiousie?
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange, me for a Goate,
When I shall turne the businesse of my soule
To such exufficate, and blowne surmises,
Marching thy inference: tis not to make me ieaious,
To say my wife is faire, feedes, well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;

Where vertue is, these are more vertuous;
Nor from mine owne weak merits will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chosen me: No *Iago*,
He see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove:
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this
Away at once with love or jealousie.

Iag. I am glad of it, for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I beare you
With franker spirit: therefore as I am bound
Receive it from me: I speak not yet for prooffe,
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*;
Were your eye thus, not iealous, nor secure,
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke too't:
I know our Countrey disposition well.
In *Venice* they doe let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands: their best consciences
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iag. She did deceive her father marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake and feare your looks
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iag. Why go too then,
She that so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seale her fathers eyes up close as Oake,
He thought 'twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame;
I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iag. I see this hath a little dash't your spirits.

Oth. Not a lot, not a lot.

Iag. Trust me I feare it has.

I hope you will consider, what is spoke,
Comes from my loue: but I doe see you are mov'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,

G

Then

Then to suspicion.

Oth. I will not,

Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at : *Cassio's* my worthy friend;
My Lord, I see you are mov'd,

Oth. No, not much mov'd,
doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long live she so, and long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point : as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne climate, complexion, and degree,
Wherein we see in all things, nature tends ;
Fie we may smell in such a will muste ranke,
Foule disproportion, thoughts unnaturall.
But pardon me : I doe not in position,
Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her Countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more

Thou dost perceive, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to observe : leave me *Iago*.

Iag. My Lord I take my leave,

Oth. Why did I marry ? This honest creature doublelesse
Sees, and knowes more, much more than he unfolds.

Iag. My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To scan this thing no further, leave it to time,
And though tis fit that *Cassio* have his place,
(For sure he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet if you please to hold him of a while,
You shall by that, perceive him and his means ;
Note if your Lady straine her entertainment,
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I have, to feare I am :)

And

The Moore of Venice.

49

And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my government.

Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all quantities, with a learned spirit,
Of humane dealings : If I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her lesse were my deare heart strings,
I'de whistle her off, and let her dewne the wind,
To pray at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And have not those soft parts of conversation,
That Chambercours have, or for I am declind
Into a vale of yeares, yet that's not much,
Shée's gone, I am aduis'd, and my reliefe
Must be to loath her : O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites : I had rather be a Toade
And live upon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a cornet in a thing I love,
For others uses : yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
This destiny, unshunnable, like death :
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we doe quicken : *Desdemona* comes,
If she be false, O then heaven mocks it selfe,
Ile not beleue it.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. how now my deare *Othello* ?

Your dinner, and the generous Ilander

By you inuited, doe attend your presence

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint ? are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead heare.

Des. Why that's with watching, t'will away againe ;
Let me but bind it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little :

Let it alone, come Ile go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

The Tragedy of Othello

Em. I am glad I have found this napkin, *Exit Oth. and Des.*
 This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
 My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
 Wooed me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
 For he conjur'd her, she should ever keepe it,
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kisse and talk to; He ha the worke tane out,
 And giv't *Iago*: what he'l doe with it,
 Heaven knows, not I, *Enter Iago.*
 I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?

Em. Doe not you chide, I have a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing---

Em. Ha?

Iag. To have a foolish wife.

Em. O, is that all? what will you give me now,
 For that same handkerchiefe?

Iag. What handkerchiefe?

Em. What handkerchiefe?

Why that the Moore first gave to *Desdemona*,
 That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iag. Ha! stole it from her?

Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
 And to the advantage, I being here, tooke it up:
 Look, here it is.

Iag. A good wench give it me.

Em. What will you doe with it,
 That you have bin so earnest to have me fetch it?

Iag. why, what's that to you?

Em. It't be not for some purpose of import,
 Give me't againe, poore Lady, she'l run mad
 When she shall lack it.

Iag. Be not you knowne on't, I have use for it; --- go leave me:
 I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it: Trifles light as ayre,
 Are to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofes of holy Wright, this may doe something
 The Moore already changes with my poison,

Exit Em.

Dan.

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast;
But with a little act vpon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur: I did say so:
Look where he coms, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drouse siropps of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleepe,
Which thou Owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to me to me?

Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.

Or. Avane, be gon, thou hast set me on the rack
I sware, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iag. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sence had I of her stolen houres of lust:
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free and merry
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips;
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Iag. I am sorry to heare this.

Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Canape,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing knowen: O now for ever
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content;
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres,
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the eare-peirceing Fife,
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Prid, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
And O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
The immortall *Joves* great clamors counterfeite;
Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gon.

Iag. Ist possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Love a whore,
Be sure of it, giue me the ocular prooffe,
Or by the worth of my eternall soule,

Thou hadst bin better have been borne a dog,
That answere my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Ist come to this?

Ot. Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on : or woe upon thy life,

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more, abandon all remorse :
On horrors head, horrors accumulate :
Do deeds, to make heaven weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde, greater then that,

Iag. O grace, O heaven defend me,

Are you a man, have you a soule or sence ?
God buy you, take my office, -- O wretched foole,
That livest to make thine honesty a vice ;
O monstrous world, take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,

I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
He love no friend since love breeds such offence,

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
And looses that it workes for.

Oth. By the world,

I thinke my wife be honest, and thinke she is not,
I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not ;
He have some prooffe : her name that was as fresh
As *Dians* visage, is now begrimed, and blacke
As mine owne face : If there be cords, or knives,
Poyson, or fire, or suffocating streames,
He not endure it : would I were satisfied.

Iag. I see sir you are eaten up with passion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you ;
You would be satisfied,

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how how, satisfied my Lord ?
Would you, the supervision grossely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth.

Oth. Death and damnation---oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect dam em then,
If ever morall eyes did see them boulder
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolves in pride, and fooles as grosse
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the doore of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Give me a living reason, that she's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will goe one: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleepe.
There are a kind of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kind is *Cassio*:

In sleepe I heard him say. Sweet *Desdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let us hide our loves,
And then sir would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweet creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the rootes
That grew upon my lips, then laied his leg
Over my thigh and sigh'd, and kissed and then
Cried, cursed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon conclusion,
Tis a shrewd doubt who it be but a dreame,

Iag. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.

Oth. He teare her all to peeces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done:

She

She may be honest yet : tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchiefe,
Spotted with strawberries in your wives hand ;

Oth. I gave her such a one, twas my first gift.

Jag. I know not that, but such a handkerchiefe
I am sure it was your wives, did I see day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that.

Jag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O that the slave had forty thousand lives,
One is too poor, too weake for my revenge;
Now I doe see tis true, looke here *Jago*,
All my fond love, thus doe I blow to heaven, --- tis gon.
Arise black vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
Yield up O love thy crowne, and hearted Throne,
To tyrannous hate, swell boosome with thy fraught,
For tis of Aspics tongues. *he kneeles.*

Jag. Pray be content.

Oth. O blood, *Jago*, blood.

Jag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never *Jago*;

Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keeps due on,
To the *Propontick* and the *Hellepont* :
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're looke back, ne're ebbe to humble love,
Till that a capeable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now beyond marble Heaven,
In the due reverence to a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words.

Jag. Doe not rise yet :

Witnesse the ever-burning lightes above,
You Elements that clip us round about ;
Witnesse that here, *Jago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* service : let him command,

And

And to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody worke so ever.

Oth. I greet thy love;
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put the to't,
Within theie three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you request, but let her live.

Iag. Dam her lewd minks; O dam her,
Come goe with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furnisb me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire devill: now art thou my Leivtenant.

Iag. I am your owne for ever.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia and the Clowne.

Des. Doe you know sirra, where the Leivtenant *Cassio* lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clo. He is a Souldier, & for one to say a Souldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, & for me to devise a lodging,
And say he lyes there, were to lie in mine owne throate.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and edified by report?

Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make questions,
And make them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I have moved my
Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of mans wit and there-
fore Ile attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*

Des. Where should I loose that handkerchiefe *Emilia*?

Em. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeve me, I had rather loose my purse
Full of Crusadoes; and but my noble Moore
Is true of mind, and made of no such basenesse,
As jealous creatures are; it were enough

H

To

To put him to ill thinking.

Em. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Enter Othello.

Em. Looke where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now;
Till *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble;
How doe you *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberall heart,
Hot, hot, and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise devoted;
For here's a young and sweetie dew will here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Des. You may indeed say so,

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new herraldry is hands not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this; come now your promise.

Oth. What promise chucked?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I have a salt and fullen rhume offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.

Des. Here my Lord,

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not.

Des. No deed my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: that handkerchiefe
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother give,
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
I would make her amiable, and subdue my father;

Intierly to her love : But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it ; my fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies : She dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her ; I did so, and take heede on't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye,
To lose, or give't away, were such predilection,
As nothing else could match.

Def. I't possible ?

Oth. Tis true, ther's magicke in the web of it,
ASybell that had numbered in the world,
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke :
The wormes were hollowed that did breed the silke,
And it was died in Mommy, with the skilfull
Conserve of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed, i't true ?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well,

Def. Then would to God that I had never seene it,

Oth. Ha, wherefore ?

Def. Why doe you speake so startlingly and rash ?

Oth. I't lost ? i't gone ? speake, is it out o'the way ?

Def. Blesse vs.

Oth. Say you ?

Def. It is not lost, but what and if it were ?

Oth. Ha.

Def. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Def. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,

This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,

I pray let *Cassio* be receiv'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchiefe, my mind misgives.

Def. Come, come, you'l never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchiefe.

Def. A man, that all his time

Hath founded good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchiefe.

Des. In sooth you are to blame,

Oth. Away. *Exit.*

Em. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I nere saw this before:

Sir ther's some wonder in this handkerchiefe,

I am most un happy in the losse of it.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeare or two shewes us a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate us hungerly, and when they are full;
They belch us; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.

Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happineffe, goe, and importune her.

Des. How now good *Cassio*, whats the newes with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous means, I doe beseech you:

Exit, and be a member of his love,

Whom I with all the office of all my heart,

Intirely honour, I would not be delayde:

If my offence be of such mortall kind,

That not my seeruiice past, nor present sorrowes,

Nor purpos'd meritt in futurity,

Can ransom me into his love againe,

But to know so, must be my benefit,

So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,

And shut my selfe up in som other course,

To fortune almes.

Des. Alas thrice gentile *Cassio*,

My aduocation is not now in tune;

My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,

Were he in fauour, as in humor altr'd:

So help me, every spirit sanctified

As I have spoken for you all my best,

And stoop within the blanke of his displeasure;

For my fre speech: you must a while, be patient

What I can doe I will, and more I will

Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you,

Iag.

Iag. Is my Lord angry?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietnesse.

Iag. Can he be angry? I have seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the deuill) from his very arme,
Pust his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe and meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prethee doe so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or som unhatcht practtice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cipres* to him.
Hath pulld his cleere spirit, and in such cases,
Mens naturs wrangle with inferior things,
The great ones are the object,
Tis even so; for let our finger ake,
And it endures our other healthfull members,
Even to that sense of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Not of them looke for such obleruances
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much *Emillia*,
I was (unhandsome warriour as I am)
Arraingning his unkinknesse with my soule;
But now I finde, I had subborne the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.

Em. Pray haeven it be State matters as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gaue him cause.

Em. But jealous soules will not be answerd so,
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: tis a monster,
Begot unto it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heaven keepeth that monster from *Othello's* minde.

Em. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will goe seeke him, *Cassio* walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, Ile move your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my utmost.

*Exeunt Desd.
and Emillia.
Cass.*

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you most faire *Bianca*?
Indeed sweet love I was going to your house.

Bia. And I was going to your lodging *Cassio*;

What keepe a weeke away! seven dayes and nights,

Eight score eight hours, and lovers absent hours.

More tedious then the diall, eight score times:

Oh weary reckning!

Cas. Pardon me *Bianca*,

I have this while with leaden thoughts bin prest,

But I shall in a more continuat: of time,

Strike off this score of absence: sweet *Bianca*,

Take me this worke out.

Bia. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend

To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,

I'll come to this? well, well,

Cas. Go to woman,

Throw your vile guessees in the devills teeth,

From whence you have them, you are jealous now,

That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance,

No in good troth *Bianca*,

Bia. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not sweet, I found it in my chamber,

I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will, I'de have it coppied,

Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bia. Leave you, wherefore?

Cas. I doe attend here on the Generall,

And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bia. Why I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bia. But that you doe not love me:

I pray you bring me on the way a little,

And say, if I shall see you soone at night.

Cas.

Caf. Tis but a litle way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but Ile see you soone.

Bia, Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Iago and Othello.

Iag. **W**ill you think so?

Oth. Think so *Iago.*

Iag. What to kisse in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kisse.

Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked abed *Iago*, and not meane harme?

It is hipocrisie against the devill:

They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,
The devill their vertue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may I think bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectresse of her honour too,
May she give that?

Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not seene,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief.

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Raven o're the infected house,
Boding to all.) He had my handkerchiefe.

Iag. I, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What If I had said I had seen him doe you wrong?
Or heard him say, (ask knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their owne importunate suite,

Or

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
 Conjured, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
 But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
 No more then hee'l unswear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iag. Why that he did--- I know not what he did.

Oth. What ?

Jago. Lye.

Oth. With her ?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely
 her; lye with her, that's fulsome, handkerchiefs, confession, hand-
 kerchiefs: to confesse, and be hang'd for his labor, first to be hang'd
 and then to confesse; I tremble at it: Nature would not invest her-
 selfe in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: It is not
 words that shakes me thus, (pish) notes, cares and lips; Is't possible?
 confesse? handkerchiefe? O devill.

Falles in a trance.

Jag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are
 caught, and many worthy & chaste Dames, even thus (all guiltless)
 meet reproch: What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*, ---how
 now *Cassio*?

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Whats the matter ?

Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsy,
 This is his second fit he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. no forbare,

The Lethargie must have quiet course,
 If not he foames at mouth and by and by
 Breakes out to savage madnesse: look he starres:
 Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
 He will recover straight; when he is gon,
 I would on great occasion spake with you.
 How is it Generall have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost mock me?

Exit Cassio.

Iag. I mocke you no by heaven,
 Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Jago.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City.
And many a ciuill monster.

Orb. Did he confesse?

Iag. Good sir be a man,
Think ever bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now alive,
That nightly lye in those unproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculior : your case is better ;
O this the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Couch,
And to sup pose her chaste : No, let not me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Orb. O thou art wise, tis certaine.

Iag. Stand you a while apart,
Confinde your selfe but in a patient list :
Whilst you were here orewhelmed with your griefe,
(A passion most unfitting such a man,)
Cassio came hither, I shift him away,
And layed good scuse upon your extasy ;
Bad him anon retire, and her speake with me,
The which he promis'd : But incave your selfe,
And marke the geeres, the gibes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in every region of his face ;
For I will make him tell the rale anew,
Where, how, how, oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has and is againe to cope your wife :
I say, but marke his ieafture, mary patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Orb. Dost thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But dost thou heare* most bloody.

Iag. That's not amisse ;
But keepe time in all : will you withdraw ?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca* ?
A buswife, that by selling her desires,
Buyes her selfe bread and cloathes ;
That dotes on *Cassio* ; as tis the stumpeys plague.

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one : *Enter Cas.*

He, when he heares of her, cannot reſtaine.

From the exceſſe of laughter : here he comes :

As he ſhall ſmile *Othello* ſhall goe mad,

And his unbookiſh jealousie muſt conſter

Poore *Caffio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,

Quite in the wrong : How do you now Lieutenant ?

Cas The worſe that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.

Iag. Ply *Deſdemano* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now, if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.

Cas. Alas poore captive.

Oth. Looke how he laughs already,

Iag. I never knew a woman love man ſo,

Cas. Alas poore rogne, I thinke indeed ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Caffio* ?

Oth. Now he in portunes him to tell it out.
Goe to, well ſaid.

Iag. She gives it, out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph ?

Cas. I marry her ? what ? a Customer ;
I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,

Doe not thinke it ſo unwholſome : ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, they laugh that wines.

Bia. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her,

Cas. Prethee ſay true.

Iag. I am a very villaine eſſe.

Oth. Ha you ſcoar'd me ? well,

Cas This is the monkies own giving out, ſhe is perſwaded I wil
marry her. out of her own love & flattery, not out of my promiſe

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the ſtory.

Cas. She was heer even now, ſhe haunts me in every Place, I
was tother day talking on the ſea banke with certaine *Venetians.*
and theither comes this bauble, ſals me thus about my necke.

Oth.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Cassio*, as it were : his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and jolls, and weepes upon me; so hals and puls me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber ; I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company :

Enter Bianca.

Before me, look where she comes,

Tis such another Fitchew ; marry a perfum'd one : What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the devill and his dam haunt you; what did you mean by that same handkerchiefe you gave mee even now ? I was a fine foole to take it ; I must take out the work, a likely peece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there : this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke ; there give it the hobby horse; wheresoever you had it, He take out no worke on't.

Cas. How now my sweet *Bianca*, how now, how now ?

Oth. By heaven that should be my handkerchife.

Bia. An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will not come when you are next prepar'd for.

Iag. After her, after her.

Cas. I must shee I raile i'the street else.

Iag. You sup there.

Cas. Yes I intend so.

Iag. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pretke come, will you ?

Iag. Goe to say no more.

Exit Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him *Iago* ?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his uice ?

Oth. O *Iago*.

Iag. And did you see the handkerchiefe ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

I would have him nine yeares a killing; a fine woman. a faire woman, a sweet woman.

Iag. Nay, you must forget that

Oth. And let her rot and perish, & be damb'd to night, for shee shall not live: no, my heart is turn'd to a stone; I strik it, & it hurts

my hand. O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by
all Emperours side, and command him tasks.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not say what she is : So delicate with her
needle, an admirable musician ; O she will sing the savagenesse out
of a Beare ; of so hye and plenteous wit and invention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times : and then of so gentle a con-
dition,

Iag. Is, too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certain, but yet the pittie of it *Iago*, oh the pittie.

Iag. If you be so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend
for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes, --- cuckold me !

Iag. O, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler,

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night Ile not expostulate
with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my minde agen, this
night *Iago*.

Iag. Do it not with poison : strangle here in her bed, even the
bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good good, the justice of it pleases, very good.

Iag. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker : you shall heare
more by midnight

A Trumpet.

Enter Lodquico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good ;

What Trumpet is that same ?

Iag. Some thing from *Venice* sure 'tis *Lodovico*.

Come from the Duke, and see, your wife is with him.

Lod. Save you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousin *Lodovico* ?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior :

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod

Lod. I thanke you, how does Leivtenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Lives sir,

Des. Cousen, there's falne between him and my Lord,
An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will.---

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper:

Is there Division twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one, I would doe much
To attonne them, for the love I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wife?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his governement.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devill.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleev'd in *Venice*.
Tho I should sweare I saw't: tis very much,
Make her amends she weepes.

Oth. O Devill, Devill,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares,
Each drop she falls, would prove a Crocadile:
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:

I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.

Oth. Mistresse.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her sir?

Lod. Who, I my Lord?

Orb. I, you did wish that I would make her turne :
 Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on,
 And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe
 And she is obedient, as you say obedient,
 Very obedient ; proceed you in your teares,
 Concerning this sir : O well painted passion :
 I am commanded home : --- get you away,
 Ile send for you anon : --- Sir, I obey the mandat,
 And will returne to Venice : --- hence, avant,
Cassio shall have my place, and sir to night
 I doe intreat that we may sup together,
 You are welcome sir to Cyprus, --- goates and monkies.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
 Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
 Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
 Could neither graze nor peirce?

Jag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?

Jag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
 What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
 I would to heaven he were.

Lod. What strike his wife.

Jag. Faith that was not so well : yet would I knew
 That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. It is his use?

Or did the letters worke upon his blood,
 And new create this fault?

Jag. Alas, alas;

It is not honesty in me to speake
 What I have seene and knowne; you shall observe
 And his owne courses will denote him so,
 That I may save my speech : doe but goe after him,
 And marke how he continves.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello and Emillia.

Orb. You have seene nothing then.

Em.

Em. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, and you have seene *Cassio* and she together.

Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
Each fillable that breath made up betweenc'em.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Em. Never my Lord.

Oth. Never send you out o'the way?

Em. Never.

Oth. to fetch her fan, her mask, her glov's. nor nothing.

Em. Never, my Lord.

Oth. that's strange.

Em. I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soule at stake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heaven require it with the Serpents curse.
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives,
Is soule as slander.

Exit Emillia.

Oth. Bid her come hitier, goe,
She sayes enough, yet she's a limple bawde,
That cannot say as much: this is a subtile whore,
A closet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
And yet thee I kneele and pray, I ha seene her do't

Enter Desdemona and Emillia,

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray chucked come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes---looke in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function *Milkrisse*,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem. if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery; nay dispatch.

Des. Vpon my kneese, What does your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des.

The Tragedy of Othello

Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.

Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
Lest being like one of heaven, the devills themselves
Should fear to cease thee, therefore be double damb'd;
Sware thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it,

Oth. Heaven truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom my Lord, with whom? how am I false?

Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away,

Des. Alas the heavenly day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe suspect,
An instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames no my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty, to the very lips,
Give to captivity, me and my hopes
I should have found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow unmoving finger at---oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart.
Where either I must live, or beare no life,
The foundation from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a cesterne, for foul Taodes
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and ros-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Oth. O I, as summers flies are in the shamples,
That quicken even with blowing:
O thou black weede, why art so lovely faire?
Thou smell'st it so sweete, that she sence akes at thee,

Would.

Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.

Def. Alas, what ignorant sinne have I committed?

Oth Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
Made to write whore upon?---What committed?
Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner?
I should make very forges of my cheekes,
That would to cinders burne up modestie.
Did I but speake thy deeds: what committad?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the Moone winks;
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is hush't within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:--- what committed,---impudent strumpet,

Def. By heaven you doe me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule unlawfull touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Ist possible?

Def. O heaven forgive us.

Oth. I cry you marcy then,
I tooke you for the cunning whore of Venice;
That married with *Othello*: You mistrisse,
That have the office opposite to *S. Peter*,
And keeps the gates in hell; you, you, I, you;
We ha done our course; there's money for your paines;
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell *Exit.*

Enter Emilia

Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive:

How doe you Madam? how doe you my good Lady:

Def. Faich, halfe a sleepe.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Def. Who is thy Lord?

Em. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emilia*,

I cannot weepe, nor answer have I none,
But what should goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheet, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Em. Here is a change indeed.

Exit.

Des. Tis meet I should be used so, very meet,
How have I bin behav'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misuse.

*Enter Iago
and Emilia.*

Iag. What is your pleasure Madam.
How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes;
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a childe to chiding.

Iag. What is the matter Lady?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heavy tearmes upon her,
As true hearts cannot beare.

Des. Am I that name *Iago*.

Iag. What name faire Lady?

Des. Shch as she sayes my Lord did say I was.

Em. He call'd her whore; a begger in his drinke.
Could not have laied such tearmes upon his Caller.

Iag. Why did he so?

Des. I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.

Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Country and her Friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make oneweepe?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Beshrew him for it: how comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, confining slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander, Ile be hang'd else.

Iag. Fie there is no such man it is impossible.

Des. If any such there are heaven pardon him.

Em.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones :
Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place what time, what forme, what liklihood ?
The moore's abns'd by some most villanous knave ;
Some base notorious knave, some scuruy fellow ;
O heaven, that such companions shouldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascall, naked through the world,
Even from the east to'ch west.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O lie upon him ; some such squire he was,
That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Des. O good *Iago*,

What shall I doe to win my Lord againe ?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him.

Here I kneele :

If ere my will did trespassse 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sence,
Delighted them in any other forme ;
Or that I doe not yet, and ever did,
And ever will (though he doe shake me off
To beggerly devorcement,) love him dearely :
Comfort for sware me unkindnesse may doe much,
And his unkindnesse may defeate my life,
But never taint my love, I can not say whore,
It doth abhorre me, now I speake the word,
To doe the act, that mlight th'addition earne,
Not the worlds masse of vanity could make me.

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
The businesse of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If'tware no other.

Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you :
Harke how these instruments summon you to supper,

The meate, great Messengers of Venice stay;
Go in, and weep not, all things shall be will.

Exit women.

How now *Roderigo*?

Enter Roderigo

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst justly with me.

Iag. What is the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dostt me with some devise *Iago*; and rather, as it seemes to me now, kee'pst from me all conveniency, then suppliest me with the least aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it, nor am I yet perswaded to put up in peace, what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

Rod. Sir, I have heard too much,

For your words and performance,
Are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most uniuersally.

Rod. With nought but truth; I have wasted my selfe out of meanes; the jewels you have had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona* would halfe have corrupted a Votariist: you have told me she has receiu'dem, and return'd me expectation, & comforst, of suddain respect and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very well.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I can not go to (man,) nor t'is not very well; I say t'is very scuruy, and begin to finde my selfe sopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe known to *Desdemona*; if she will returne me my Jewels, I will give over my suite, and repent my unlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe, I'll seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You have said now.

Rod. I, and said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then ever before; give me thy hande *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against mee a most just conception, but yet I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, & your suspicion is not.
with.

without witte and judgement : But *Roderigo*, it thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to beleieve now, then ever, I merne, purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it ; if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines from my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse ?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall commission come from *Venice*, To depute *Cassio*, in *Othello's* Place.

Rod. Is that true ? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*, Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him The faire *Desdemona*, unlesse his abode be linger'd Here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate, As the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him ?

Iag. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello's* place, Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would have me to doe

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit and right; he sups to night with a harlotry, & thither will I goe to him--he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune : if you will watch his going thence which I wil fashion to fal out between twelve & one, you may take him at your pleasure: I wil be neer to second your attempt, & he shall fall betwene us: come, stand not amaz'd at it but goe along with me, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to wast: about it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied.

Ex:unt.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emillia.

and Attendants.

Lod. I doe beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no farther.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladyship

Des. Your Honour is most wellcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir :-- O *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the instant, I will be return'd, forthwith
dispatch your Attendant there;--looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent;
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bade me to dismisse you.

Em. Dismisse me?

Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We must not now displease him.

Em. Would you had never seene him.

Des. So would not I, my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornnesse, his checks and frownes,
(Prethee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Em. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one, good father; how foolish are our minds;
It ldoe die before thee, prethee throwd me
In one of those same sheets.

Eme. Come, come, you talke.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbary*,
She was in love, and he the lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her, she had a song of willow,
An old thing t'was, but it exprest her fortune,
And she died singing it, that song to night
VWill not goe from my mind:

I have much to doe;

But to go hang my head all at one side, and sing it like poor *Bar-*
bary; prethee dispatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne;

Des. No unpin me here.

This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Em. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would have walk'd barefoot to
Palestine, fore a touch of his neither lip.

Des.

Desdemona sings.

The poore soule late singing by a scamour tree,
sing all a green willow.

Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,
sing willow willow, willow :

The fresh streames ran by her and murmur'd her moanes,
sing willow, willow, willow ;

Her salt teares fell from her which softened the stones
sing willow &c. (Lay by these.)

willow, willow.

(Prethee hie thee'hee'l come anon.)

Sing all a greene willow must be my garland.

- Let no body blame him, his scorne I approve :

(Nay that's not next : harke, who's that knock ?)

Em. 'Tis the winde.

Des. I call'd my love false, but what said he then ?

sing willow, willow willow,

If I court no women, youle couch with no men.

So, get thee gon, good night, mine eyes doe itch,

Does that boade weeping ?

Em. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so : O these men, these men :

Dost thou in conscience thinke (tell me Emilia,)

That there be women doe abuse their husbands

In such grosse kindes ?

Em. There be some such no question.

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a thing, for all the world ?

Em. Why would not you ?

Des. No by this heavenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,

I might as well doe it in the darke,

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world ?

Em. The world is a huge thing it is a great price,
For a small vice.

Des. In troth I thinke thou wouldst not.

Em. In troth I thinke I should, and undo't when I had done it
mary

mary I would not doe such a thing for a joynt-ring, or for measures of Lawn, nor for Gowns, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Des. Bethrew me, if I would doe such wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world, & having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it wright.

Des. I doe not think there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wives doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And pouer our treasures into foreigne laps,
Or else breake out in peevisish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,)
Why we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge: Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell,
And have their pallsars both for sweeter and sowre,
As husqands have: what is it that they doe,
When they change us for others? is't sport?
I thinke it is: and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is so too; and have not we affection?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men have?
Then let em use us well, else let em know,
The ill we doe, their ill instruct us so,

Des. Good night, good night, heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

Exeunt.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Iago and Rodrigo.

Here stand behind this bulke, straight will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

Quicke

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile be at thy elbow;
It makes us, or it marres us, thinke of that,
And fixe more firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neare at hand, I may miscarry in't,

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold and take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed:

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons;
Tis but a man gon: forth my sword, he dies.

Iag. I have rubd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry, now whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other
Every way makes my game; live *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Jewells that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore
May untould me to him there; stand I in much pertill:
No, he must die, be't so, I heare him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he; villiane thou diest.

Cas. That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou know'st;
I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. O, I am slaine.

Cas. I am maimd for ever, light ho, murder,

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Jago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke tis even so.

Cas. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O brave *Jago*, honest and iust,
That hast such noble sence of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me; --- minion, your deare lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies; strumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed lust-staind, shall with lusts blood be spotted.

L

Exit.

Enter.

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*Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.**Cas.* What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder.*Gra.* Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.*Cas.* O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.*Rod.* O wretched villaine.*Lod.* Two or three grones, it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits, let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry with out more helpe.*R. d.* No body come, then shall I bleed to death.*Enter Iago with a light.**Lod.* Harke.*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with lights and weapons.*Iag.* Who's there? whose noyse is this that cries on murder.*Lod.* I doe not know.*Iag.* Did not you heare a cry?*Cas.* Here, here, for heavens sake helpe me.*Iag.* Whats the matter?*Gra.* This is Othello's Antient, as I take it.*Rod.* The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.*Iag.* What are you here that cry so grievously?*Cas.* Iago, O I am spoil'd, undone by villaines,
Give me some helpe.*Iag.* O me Lieutenant, what villaines have don this?*Cas.* I thinke the one of them is here about,
And cannot make away.*Iag.* O treacherous villaines;

What are you there? come in and give some helpe.

Rod. O, helpe me here.*Cas.* That's one of em.*Iag.* O murderous slave, O villaine.*Thrusts him in.**Rod.* O damb'd Iago, O in humane dog, --- o, o, o.*Iag.* Kill men i'the darke? where be those bloody theeves?
How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.*Iag.* Signior Lodouico.*Lod.* He sir,*Iag.* I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt by villaines*Gra.*

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Gra. Cassio.

Iag. How is it brother?

Cas. my leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heaven forbid:

Light Gentlemen, Ile bind it with my shirt,

Enter. Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who j'st that cried?

Iag. who i'st that cried?

Bia. O my deare *Cassio*, O my sweet *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iag. O notable strumpet; *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be that thus have mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus, I have been to seeke you.

Iag. Lend me a garter, so; --oh for a chaire to beare him easily
hence.

Bia. Alas he faints; O *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*,

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe suspect this Trash
To beare a part in this injury: patience a while good *Cassio*;
Come, come, lend me a light:

Know wee this face, or no?

Alas my friend, and my deare country man:

Roderigo: no, yes sure; yes, tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iag. Even he tis, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners:
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iag. How doe you *Cassio*? O, a chaire, a chaire;

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire.
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you mist'isfe,
Save you your labour, he that lies staine here, (*Cassio*,)
Was my deare friend; what malice was betwixt you?

Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o' the aire.

noni

L 2

Stay

Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistresse ?
 Doe you perceive the jestures of her eye ?
 Nay, an you stirr, we shall have more anon :
 Behold her well I pray you, looke upon her,
 Doe you see gentle man ? nay guiltinesse
 Will speake though tongues were out of use. *Enter Emi.*

Em. 'Las what's the matter ? what's the matter husband ?

Iag. *Cassio* has here bin fyt on in the darke,
 By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
 Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring ; Prethee *Emillia*,
 Goe know of *Cassio* where he sapt to night :
 What, doe you shake at that ?

Bia. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie upon thee strumpet.

Bia. I am no strumpet, but of life, as honest,
 As you, that thus abuse me.

Em. As I ; now fie upon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* drest ;
 Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.

Emillia, runne you to the Cittadall,

And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt :

Will you goe on ? I pray : This is the night,

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello with a light, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres :
 It is the cause, yet Ile not shed her blood,
 Nor feare that whiter skin of hers then snow,
 An i smooth as monumentall alabaster ;
 Yet she must die, else shee'l betray more men,
 Put out the light, and then put out the light :
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can againe thy former light restore,
 Should I repeat me ; but once put out thine,

Thou

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Thou cunningst patterne of excellling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light relumine : when I have pluckt the rose,
I cannot give it vitall growth againe,
It must needs wither ; Ile smell it on the tree ; *kisses her.*
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Justice her selfe to breake her sword : one more ;
Be. hus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after : one more, and this the last :
So sweet was ne're so fatall : I must weepe,
But they are cruell teares: this sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it d oes love : she wakes.

Des. Who's there ? *Othello ?*

Oth. I, *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed my Lord ?

Oth. Have you prayed to night, *Desdemona ?*

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you be thinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcild as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicite for it straite.

Des. Alas my Lord, what doe you meane by that ?

Oth. Well, doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heaven fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.

Des. Talke you of killing ?

Oth. I, I doe.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I feare you, for y'are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so : why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke one thy sinnes

Des. They are loves to beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou diest.

Des. Would it were so unnaturall, that kills for loving ;
Alas, why know you so your neather lip :

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents; but yet I hope
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so, what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchiefe which I lov'd and gave thee,
Thou gavest to *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soule.

Send for the man and aske him.

Oth. Sweet soule take heed, take heed of perjury,

Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,

For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove, nor choake the strong conception

That I doe grone withall: thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me,

Oth. I say amen.

Des. And have you mercy too,

I never did offend you in my life, -- never lov'd *Cassio*,

But with such generall warrenty of heaven,

As I might love, I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven I saw my handkerchiefe in his hand:

O perjur'd woman, thou dost stone my heart;

And makst me call, what I intend to doe,

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice;

I saw the handkerchiefe.

Des. He found it then,

I never gave it him, send for him hither,

Let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He has confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath -- us'd thee.

Des. How, unlawfully?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd

Honest *Jago* hath tane order for't.

Des. My feare interprets then,--- what is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haire bin lives,

My great reveuge had stomacke for em all.

Des. Alas he is betrayed, and I undone,

Oth. O strumpet,--- weepest thou for him to my face?

Des. O bannish me my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Oth. Nay an you strive.

Des. But halfe an houre.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause,

Des. But while I say one prayet. *he stifles her.*

Oth. Tis to late. *Emillia calles within.*

Em. My Lord, my Lord, **what** hoe, my Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruell, am yet mercitull,

I would not have thee linger in thy paine;---so,so.

Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.

Oth. Who's there?

Em. O good my Lord, I'de speake a word with you,

Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: thee's dead;

Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassios* death;

The noyse was heere; ha, no more moving,

Still as the grave: shall she come in? wer't good?

I thinke she stirres againe; no, what's the best?

If she come in, she'le sure speake to my wife.

My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife:

O insupportable; O heavy houre.

Me thinks it should be now a huge Ecclipse

Of Sun and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,

Should yawne at alteration.

Em. I do beseech you I may speak with you,-- O good my Lord

Oth. I had forgotten thee: come in *Emillia*;

Soft, by and by; let me the curtaines draw.

Enter Emillia.

Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?

Em. O my good Lord yonder's foule murders done.

Oth. What? now?

Em.

Em. But now my Lord

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kill'd a young *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?

Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild,

Oth. Not *Cassio* kild? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murdered.

Em. Alas, What cry is that?

Oth. That, what?

Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voyce.
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet mistresse speake,

Des. A guiltlesse death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed?

Des. No body, I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kind Lord, O farewell.

She dies.

Oth. Why how should she be murdered?

Em. Alas, who knowes?

Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.

Em. She said so; I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a lier gone to burne in hell,
T'was I that kild her.

Em. O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker devill.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Em. Thou dost bely her and thou art a devill.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heavenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damnd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

Em. My husband:

Orb. Thy husband.

Em. That she wat false to wedlock?

Orb. I, with *Cassio* : nay, had she bin true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one intire and partest Crisolite,
I'de not have sold her for it.

Em. My husband?

Orb. I, twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes one filthy deedes.

Em. My husband?

Orb. What needes this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.

Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath made mockes with love:
My husband say that she was false?

Orb. He woman, I say thy husband; dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soule
Rot halfe a graine a day; he lies to'th heart,
She was to tond of her most filthy bargaine.

Orb. Ha?

Em. Doe thy worst,
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Orb. Peace you were best.

Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I have to be hurt : O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirt thou hast done a deed ----
I care not for thy sword, Ile make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty lives : helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mitresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gragantio, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?

Em. O, are you come *Iago*? yov have done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.

G. a. What is the matter?

Em. Disproove this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false;

I know thou dost not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.

Em. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iag. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule a lie, a wicked lie:

She was false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?

Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to charme your tongue.

Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake;
My mistresse here lies murdered in her bed,

All. Oh heavens forefend.

Em. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. Tis a strange truth.

Men. O monstrous act!

Em. Villany, villany, villany;

I thinke upon't, I thinke, I smell a villany;

I thought to then; He kill my selfe for griefe.

O villany, villany.

Iag. What are you mad? I charge you get you home.

Em. Good Gentlemen let me have leave to speake,

Tis proper I obey him, but not now:

Perhaps *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Oth. falls on the bed.

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare,
For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift up eye.

Oth. O she was foule:

I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands have newly stopt;
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.

Gra. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe:
Shore his old thread in twane did he live now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea curse his better Angell from his side,

And

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it :
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With that recognisance and pledge of love,
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchiefe, an antique token
My Father gave my Mother.

Em. O heaven, O heavenly powers,

Iag. Come hold your peace.

Em. Twill out, twill out: I hold my peace sir, no,
Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iag. Be wise and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkerchiefe thou speak'st on,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband :
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a tride,)
He beg'd of me to steale it.

Iag. Villainous whore.

Em. She gave it *Cassio*? no, alas I find it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iag. Filth, thou liest.

Em. By heaven I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman?

The Moore runs at Iago, Iago kills his wife.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serves for the thunder? per nitious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kild his wite.

Em. I. I O lay me by my mistresse side. *Exit Iago.*

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moore:

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Come, guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather; Ile after that same villaine,
For tis a damned slave. *Exit Mont. and Gratiano.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it goe all.

Em. What did thy song bode Lady?
Harke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And die in musicke; *willow, willow, willow.*
Moore, she was chaste, she lov'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my soule to blisse, as I speake true;
So speaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *she dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spaine, the Isebrookes temper:
O here it is; Vncle, I must come forth. *Gra. within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in upon me then, and speake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon,
A better never did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers thigh; I have seene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop: but O vaine boast,
Who can controule his fate? tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you doe see me weapon'd;
Here is my journies end, here is my butte,
The very Sea-marke of my utmost faile.
Doe you goe backe dismay'd? tis a lost feare,
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* goe?
How dost thou looke now? O ill stor'd wench,
Pale as hy smocke, when we shall meet arcompt;
This looke of thine will hurle my soule from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it: cold, cold, my girl,

Even

Even like thy chastity : O cursed slave :
Whip me you devills,
From the possession of this heavenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in sleepe downe gulphes of liquid fire :
O *Desdemona*, *Desdemona* ; dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodovico, Montano, and officers.

Cassio in a chaire.

Lod. Where is this rash and most infortunate wan ?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper ? bring the villaine forth,

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable,
If that thou beest a devill I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iag. I bleed sir, but not kild.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'de have thee live,
For in my sense tis happinesse to dye.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,
False in the practise of a damned slave,
What should be said to thee ?

Oth. Why any thing.

A n honourable murderer if you will ;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy :
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death ?

Oth. I.

Cas. Deare Generall, I did never give you cause.

Oth. I doe beleeve it, and I aske you pardon ;
Will you I pray, demaund that of my devill,
Why he hath thus insnar'd my soule and body ?

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know ;
From this time forth I never will speake word.

Lod. What, not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doest best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath be false,
Which, as I thinke you know not : here is a letter,

M 3

Found

Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be undertooke by *Roderigo*.

Oth. O villaine,

Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious catieffe!
How came you *Cassio* by a handkerchiefe
That was my wifes?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himselfe confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it, for a speaciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Of ole, foole, toole.

Cas. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter,
How he obraides *Iagos* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch whereon it came,
That I was cast; and even but now he speake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with us,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*: Fore this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his; You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come bring him away.

Oth. Soft you a word or two before you goe;
I have done the State some service, and they know't:
No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice: then you must speake,

The Tragedy of Othello

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Of one that lov'd not wisely, but to well :
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extreame : of one whose hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe : of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting moode,
Drop teares, as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinall gum : Set you downe this ;
And say be sides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband *Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State ;
I tooke bi'th throate the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus *He stabs himselfe.*

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is mard.

Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye upon a kisse. *He dies.*

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea.
Looke on the targicke lodging of this bed,
This is thy worke ; the object poisons sight,
Let it be hid : *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And ceaze upon the fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeed to yon : To you Lord *Gouverneur*,
Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
The time, the place, the torture ; O enforce it,
My selfe will strait aboard, and to the Seate,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

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